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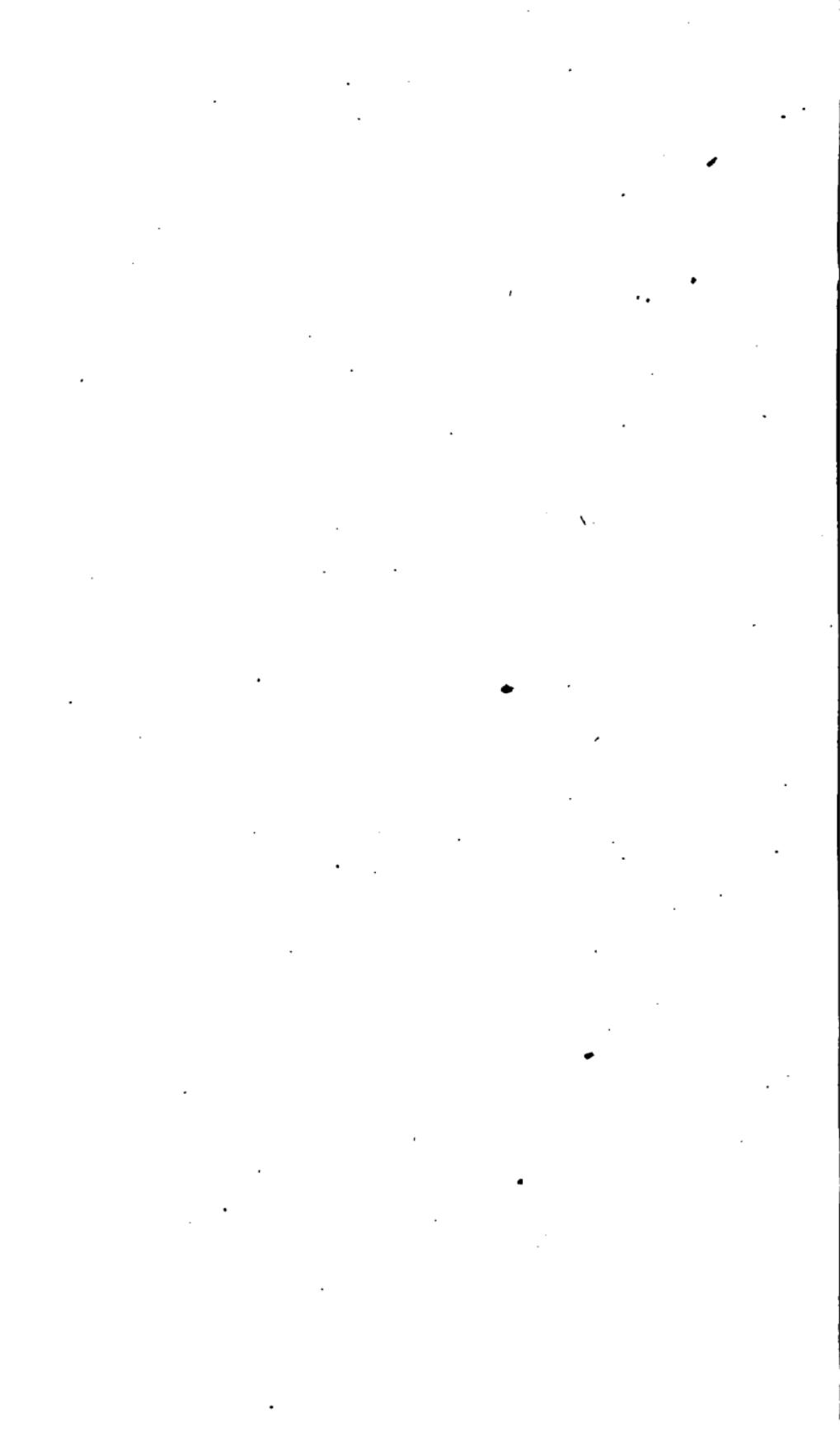
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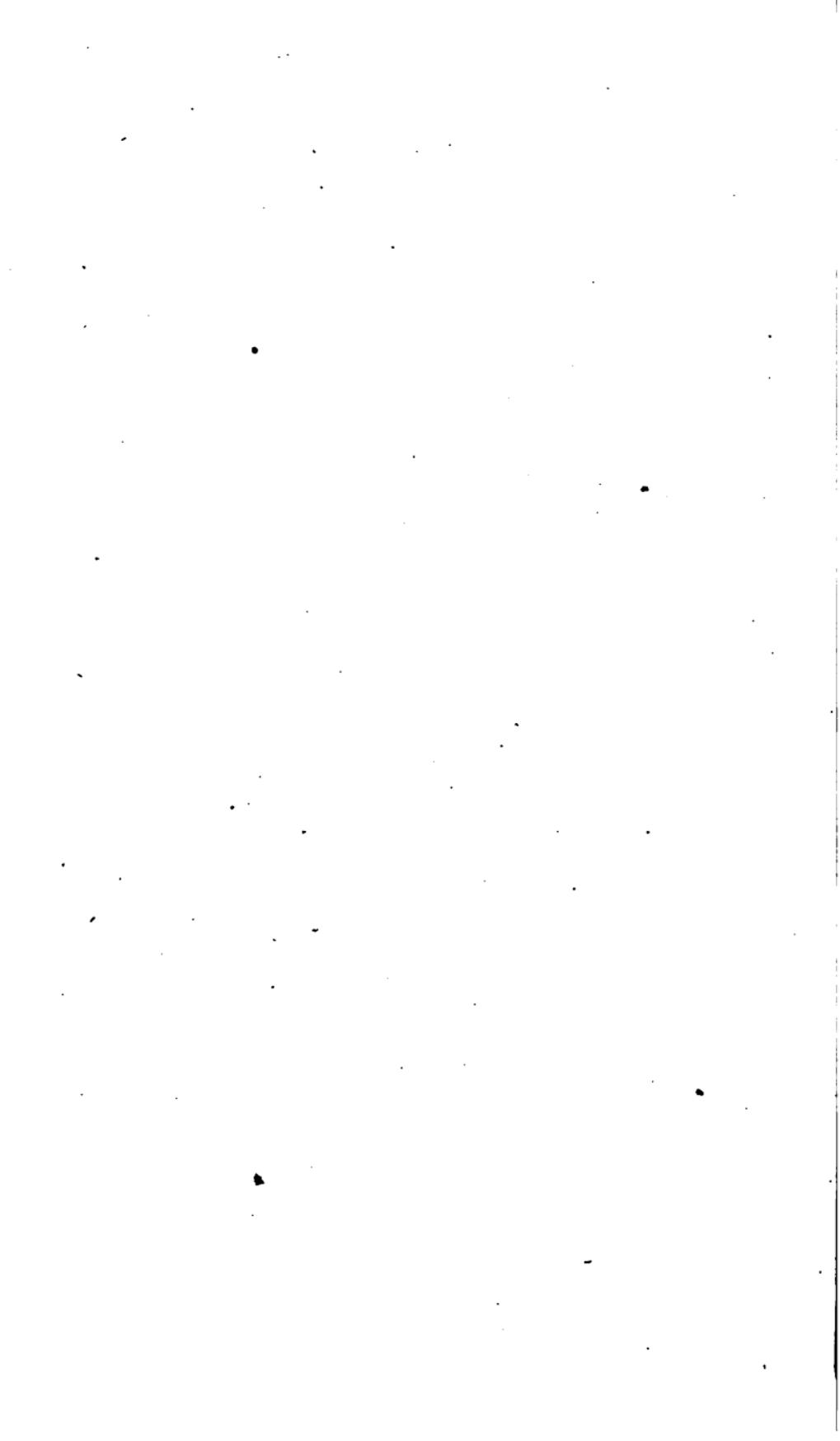
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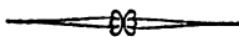






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BY S. MILLS DAY.



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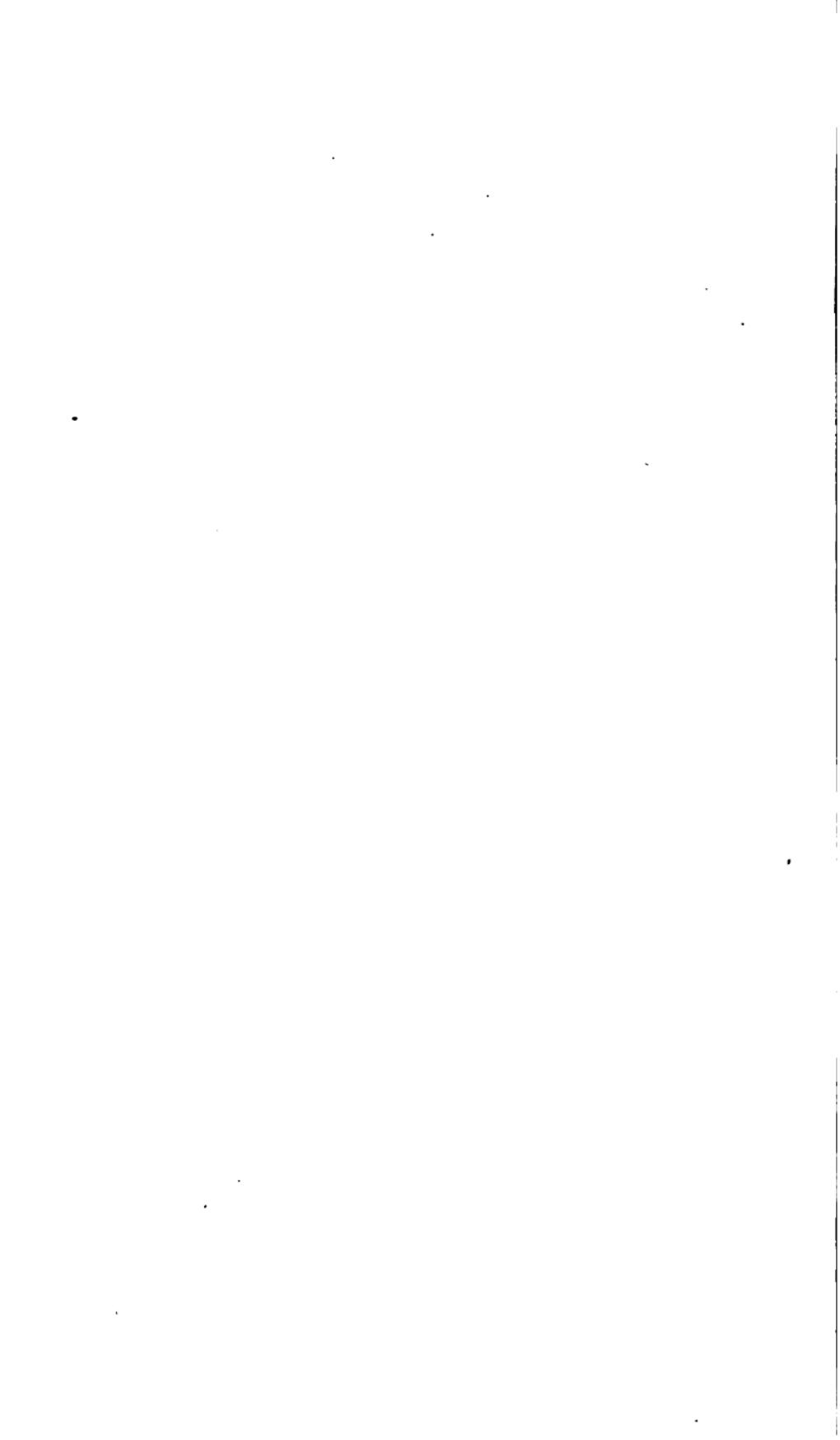
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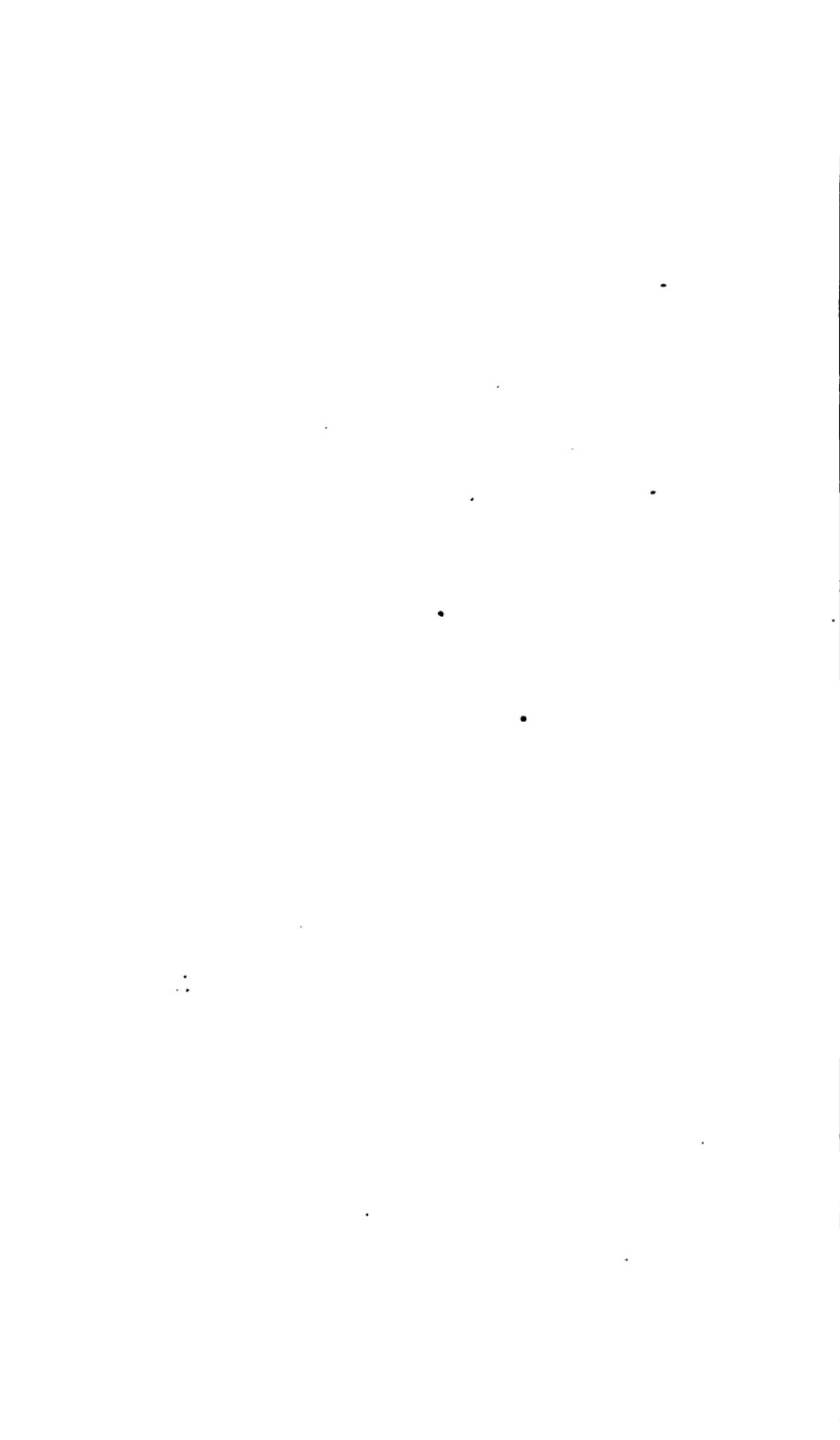
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Angel-Voices.

A R G U M E N T.

THE main incidents of the following sketch are based upon an historical fact, and a traditional tale.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV., expatriated many of the noblest and truest citizens of France ; compelling them to seek, in foreign countries, that exercise of their civil and religious rights which had been denied them in their native land.

A tradition existed among the early navigators, that a group of beautiful islands far to the west, was favored with the visible presence of celestial visitants ; and that those who passed the night upon their coral shores, beheld heavenly visions, and listened to the harmonies of delicious music, and heard the sound of Angel-Voices, strangely melodious, floating on the midnight air.

ANGEL VOICES.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

AMID a group of sea-girt isles,
Within the tropic's genial clime,
Where Spring unchanging ever smiles,
And strews with flowers the path of Time—
A fairy island gently laves
Its circling shore in Ocean's waves ;
And rising from the coral strand
Its pillared groves in beauty stand ;
Amid their dark recesses twine
The ivy green, and clustering vine ;
And falling waters, soft and clear,
Make music to the listening ear ;
And songs of birds of sweetest note
Upon the gentle breezes float ;
And fruits and flowers, of beauty rare,
With fragrant incense load the air ;
And all around, beneath, above,
Proclaim the fitting home of Love.

II.

An island strange was that, I ween,
If all the legends, quaint and old,
Of nameless sounds, of sprites unseen,
Had well and truthfully been told.
As marvellous the tales of those
Who sought, by chance, a brief repose
Within those orange-groves and bowers,
Reclining on their couch of flowers.
For, waking visions, pure and bright,
Beguiled the watches of the night ;
And glorious shapes, divinely fair,
Descended through the yielding air ;
And forms of more than mortal mould
Attuned their glittering harps of gold ;
And Angel-Voices, full and free,
Breathed forth celestial melody.

III.

Thus days, and months, and circling years,
With silent footfall walked their round,
Unmarked by human hopes or fears
Within that lonely island's bound.
But now, at length, a stately barque
Comes gliding o'er the waters dark,
With tapering spars, and snowy sails
Outspread to catch the favoring gales,

As swift along her course she flies,
Like the white cloud of morning skies.
And noble souls her pinions bear,
From lands of pain, and toil, and care—
From homes made lone and desolate
By bitter and malignant hate—
To homes that heaven might kindly bless
With pure and peaceful happiness :
To seek beneath a brighter sky
And better clime, the isles that lie
Reposing on old Ocean's breast,
Retreats of calm and holy rest.

IV.

And now, beside that isle unknown,
That gallant barque has furled her sails ;
And now a trio seek alone
A home within those pleasant vales.
A father, wife, and only child,
Self-exiled to that lonely wild—
Those tender ties resolved to sever
That twine around the throbbing heart—
Far from their native land, forever,
In trusting faith have dared depart.

V.

Unhappy France ! Oh, thrice unblest !
Thou to thy quivering lip hast pressed

A cup, to thee, of bitter woes—
A cup of blessings to thy foes.
Oh, erring, blinded suicide !
Thy sacred altars thou hast dyed
With thine own blood—hast trampled down
The brightest jewels of thy crown—
Hast scattered wide, with faithless hands,
To other climes, to other lands,
Those precious seeds of liberty,
Whose fruit, so madly sought by thee,
Upspringing from its humble birth,
Blessed other nations of the earth ;
Whilst thou, who once the germ had nursed,
Then flung it far, to lands unknown,
Hast hungered, with the thought accursed,
Thy folly hath been all thine own.

VI.

From isle to isle, all gracefully,
That ship along her pathway glides ;
And o'er the billows, light and free,
Like some wild waterfowl she rides :
Then in the distance fades away,
With the last beams of closing day
That on her snowy pinions play,
As far across the Ocean-main
She seeks her native home again.

—Meanwhile the noble exiles there
With skill their wildwood homes prepare :
Their wants are few that daily rise,
And Nature, from her bounteous stores,
Those wants with liberal hand supplies,
And forth a full abundance pours.

VII.

The twilight shades their shadows fling
Around those lonely tropic isles,
And viewless winds are whispering
That gentle music that beguiles
The heart alike when crushed with sadness,
Or filled with thoughts of joy and gladness.
And fleecy vapors fringed with gold,
In gorgeous loveliness outrolled,
Are floating in the distant west,
Like fairy islands of the blest.

VIII.

And now, at this impressive hour,
The exile's loved and only child
Hath sought alone her woodland bower
Enshrined 'mid clustering flowerets wild.
Her fair and graceful form reposes
Upon a couch of fragrant roses ;
With clasped hands and lifted eyes
She gazes on the darkening skies,

Watching the stars as one by one,
Like exhalations of the sun,
They glitter in the peerless light
And lustre of the tropic night.
At such an hour, oh, who can tell
The mournful, pleasing thoughts that swell
The feeling heart—how fleetly rise
Those loved but long-lost memories
That troop in shadowy shapes along,
Dear as the phantom of the song
That once a sainted mother sung,
As round her neck young Childhood clung.
'Tis then we gather transient gleams,
Like those that visit us in dreams,
Of visions far too bright for earth,
And gifted with celestial birth.

IX.

While thus the exile's daughter there
Her twilight vigil keeps alone,
Floating upon the evening air
She hears a sweet, æolian tone
Swelling and dying on the breeze
In ever-changing harmonies.
Distant it seemed to be, at first,
The melody of some far sphere ;
Then in full choral tide it burst
In richest music on the ear.

X.

There is a love we sometimes feel,
A beauty that we sometimes view,
A music that will sometimes steal
Upon the sense, and wake anew
Some loved but long-forgotten tone,
Alike mysterious and unknown.
And like, that music seemed to be
That beauty, love and melody :
A harmony so perfect seemed
The music of the starry skies—
But now a heavenly vision gleamed
Before the wondering maiden's eyes.
A troop of shining ones appear,
Descending nearer, yet more near,
Hovering that fair retreat above,
With voices kind, with looks of love.
And lower still they now descend—
Those guardian ones, by Mercy led,
Who on our steps unseen attend,
And nightly hover round our bed—
With brows serene, with radiant wings,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white—
With golden harps, whose quivering strings
Were gleaming in the soft starlight.
At length their snowy pinions rest—
The turf by angel-feet is pressed—
Those shapes of more than mortal mould

Attune their glittering harps of gold,
And Angel-Voices, full and free,
Breathe forth celestial melody :

“ MAIDEN fair, we welcome thee
To thy home beyond the sea :
Welcome to this isle of flowers,
With its fragrant groves and bowers ;
With its crystal waters bright,
Glancing in the mellow light—
Cordial welcome be to thee
To thy home beyond the sea.

“ May that Power that rules above,
Guarding with paternal love,
All thy being kindly bless,
Granting perfect happiness.
May His light around thee shine,
May His peace be ever thine ;
So that all thy life shall be
Truly from all sorrow free.

“ Still, should gloomy shadows rise,
Shrouding wide thy sunny skies,
May His providences prove
Signs of mercy, truth and love :
On the clouds of darkest woe
Ever shine the promise-bow ;
Till the storm shall pass away,
Leaving pure and perfect day.”

XI.

They cease—and then their radiant wings,
Whose very rustle music seemed,

Each Angel-one outspreads, and flings
Upon the air a fragrance deemed
It well might be, surpassing far
The odors sweet of famed *Benzar*.

—As the white cloud its course would take
When rising from some crystal lake,
And gently lifts itself on high,
Seeking its own fair home, the sky—
That shining globe of Angels rise,
Clad in their robes of spotless white,
Upmounting to their native skies,
Till all is lost to mortal sight.



CANTO SECOND.

I.

AMONG the exiles that had sought
Those ocean-isles, with purpose high,
Setting all luring hopes at nought
 Of all that wealth or power might buy—
Was one, a youth of noble birth,
Yet nobler far by manly worth ;
Heir of a princely house was he,
 Whose peerless splendor regal seemed ;
Still, of a higher heraldry
 The name of *Christian* had he deemed.
His was that high, courageous soul,
Whose fearless thought brooked no control,
Or bowed in humbleness to none,
Save to the great Supreme alone.
With power to suffer, murmurless—
Each rising passion to repress—
To triumph o'er the woes of life—
 To shun the devious ways of sin—
Obeying, in the darkening strife,
 The still, small voice that speaks within.

II.

WALTER DE VERE and LILLA met
As exiles, on the broad, blue sea ;
And in that pregnant hour was set
The signet-seal of Destiny.
For then unseen a spirit came,
And on Love's altar lit a flame,
Whose radiance bright should shine afar,
To those twin-souls, a guiding star,
More lovely to their watchful eyes
Than Hesperus of evening skies ;
More glorious to their longing sight
Than e'en the son of morning light :
For it should glow with fadeless ray,
Although should set the star of even ;
Still it should shine to brighter day,
Tho' morning stars should fall from heaven.

III.

Upon the island's western shore,
Beside a quiet, peaceful cove—
A mirror for the skies above—
A lofty cliff, with moss run o'er,
Lifted its stern, dark front on high,
The storm and tempest to defy.
And often, from its emerald crown,
LILLA, at sunset hour, looked down
Upon the distant isles of green

That gemmed the ocean's silvery sheen—
 The tinted hues of clouds and sky,
 Blended in matchless harmony,
 And circling sun, whose banners bright
 Were gleaming round his path of light.

IV.

The evening star is shining now
 In beauty in the distant west ;
 And ocean's waves have ceased to flow,
 And Nature sinks to quiet rest.
 But soon a sound the stillness breaks,
 And echo, answering echo, wakes ;
 A light, free barque, with dipping oars,
 Is gliding toward those coral shores,
 And gains at length the sheltering cove,
 And rests beneath the cliff above.
 'Tis still again ; but now a tone
 Of mellowed fullness, soft and clear,
 To LILLA well and fondly known,
 Is rising to her listening ear :

1.

“ WHEN blushing Morn, at dawn, unbars
 The pearly gates of day,
 And in the flushing light, the stars
 Like spirits fade away—
 Glad, happy thoughts within me rise,
 So joyous and so free,
 I bless those matin reveries—
 For then I dream of *thee*.

2.

“ When Eve her silver veil o’erspreads
 The earth, and gems the sky
 With jewels bright, and deepening shades
 Are gathering silently—
 Then thoughts all beautiful attend
 My soul from passion free,
 As angel-ones to earth descend—
 For then I dream of *thee*.

3.

“ The thought of thee, as I would tread
 The path of life aright,
 Gleams far adown, a golden thread,
 Amid the shrouding night.
 Blessings be with thee—for thou art
 A guiding star to me ;
 And happy hours are e’er my part
 As thus I dream of *thee*.”

V.

Now oft times, at the close of day,
 Fair LILLA watches from afar
 The gleaming of the first faint ray
 That beameth from the evening star :
 And with a trusting faith unbroken,
 She deems it well the signal token—
 When first it lights the azure dome—
 For HIM to launch his fleetly barque,
 And, gliding o’er the waters dark,
 To seek again her island-home.

VI.

The mariner, when, tempest-tost,
'Neath rayless skies, with compass lost,
Through breaking clouds he hails afar
The glad light of the northern star—
The exile, as in toil and pain
He seeks his native home again,
When he the long-loved spot descries
With throbbing heart and eager eyes—
The watcher, weary and forlorn,

That waits through all the gloom of night
The opening of the gates of morn,

When first appears the dawning light:
These all have joy heart-earnest—still
They feel not that delicious thrill
Of pleasure, which the young heart knows,
When, waking from its dream-repose,
It gladly hails, its vigil done,
The presence of its own loved one.
For then upon the spirit steals

A calm, still, brooding influence,
Pure as when gentle slumber seals

The rest of sleeping Innocence.
And then, in Fancy's pleasing dream,
Bright Hope and pensive Memory seem
Alike to bless those happy hours,
And strew the path of Love with flowers.

VII.

Oh, who hath known, and knowing, *felt*
The young heart's first and purest love,
And at one idol-shrine hath knelt,
All other earthly shrines above—
That doth not bless, all fervently,
That early passion, though it be
Long-perished, which, in waking dreams,
Revealed by radiant, transient gleams,
A world ideal, fair and bright,
A world of loveliness and light.
Fair as the bow that spans the sky
The heart's first love to youth appears ;
Yet oft its beauties fade and die,
And all dissolves in falling tears !

VIII.

So time passed on—the golden Hours
That hovered that fair isle above,
Would linger in its fragrant bowers,
The blest retreats of Hope and Love.
And LILLA's heart was blithe and gay—
Her bounding step was light and free—
Sweet as when falling waters play,
Echoed her voice of melody.
Yet sometimes thoughts, all solemn, stole
The presence-chamber of her soul

Within, whose shadows from her sight
Shrouded her cloudless skies of light.

—Darkly prophetic soon they seemed—

For LILLA watched one eve, in vain,
Though Hesperus in beauty beamed,

To hail upon the spreading main,
That light, free barque with dipping oars
Swift gliding toward those coral shores.
Then followed days of dread suspense,
More torturing than the certain sense
Of woes and sorrows known—at last
From isle to isle this rumor passed :
WALTER DE VERE had spread his sails
Before the ocean's rising gales,
And in the dark and stormy night
His drifting barque had swept from sight :
At morn the ocean's revelry
Revealed alone the broad, blue sea—
Doubtless beneath the swelling wave
The youth had found an early grave.

IX.

And now round LILLA's spirit stole
A shade, a darkness to be felt ;
More gloomy, as her anguished soul
In secret, untold sorrow knelt :
E'en as at times dark vapors move
Some clear and crystal lake above,

And on the surface, calm and still,
Fling down their shadows cold and chill,
Until that mirror, which, before,
 Gave back the bright and radiant light,
With dark and gloomy clouds hung o'er
 Reflects the gathering shades of night.
—And darker grew that shrouding shade,
 And fainter beamed the starry ray
Of Hope, whose blessed radiance played
 Around young life's untrodden way.
Beside the dying couch of one
Whose name, of earthly names, alone,
All must revere—a mother—knelt
The exile's sorrowing child, and felt
Those sharp, deep pangs of bitterness
The heart strives vainly to repress,
As it beholds its best-beloved
By the cold hand of death removed.
And yet, as LILLA vigil kept
Around that bed of death, and wept
In anguish o'er the cherished one,
 A ray appeared amid the gloom,
Whose pure and gentle effluence shone
 In beauty round the silent tomb.

X.

Oh, marvel of the human soul !
 Whose pinions vainly strive to rise

Above the mists that upward roll
And veil its long-lost home, the skies—
No perfect joy it here may know,
Nor taste the last extreme of woe :
Its rapturous moments ever seem
But visions of some fleeting dream,
Whose source and end, like life's, are gloom,
Alike their cradle and their tomb.
Yet when with deepest grief oppressed
The soul is never all unblest—
But far within a pulse will flow
Whose flickering throb is not of woe ;
And through the night a voice will steal—
“ 'Twere better thus than not to feel !”

XI.

Again at twilight's pensive hour,
Amid the calm seclusion there,
The maiden seeks her woodland bower,
And bows her soul in earnest prayer.
And while she prayeth, from above
Come signs of mercy, truth and love.
Again that heavenly band appear,
Descending through the upper air ;
And gently on the evening breeze
Are borne celestial harmonies,
As from their harps those Angel-ones
Pour forth their solemn, soothing tones.

'Tis still again—and soft and clear
Their voices greet the listening ear :

"MAIDEN, in thine hour of woe
 Trust the HOLY ONE on high ;
He doth all thy sorrows know—
 Lift to heaven thy downcast eye.
God, the Merciful, will be
 Faithful Father, Friend to thee.

Trust HIM, and His hand shall guide
 To the mansions of the blest ;
Where the peaceful waters glide,
 Where the weary are at rest.
Hope and Faith shall light thy way
 Unto realms of endless day."

XII.

Again those Angel-ones arise,
Returning to their starlit skies ;
While in the distance fade away,
Like the last beams of closing day,
Those sweet and perfect symphonies
That first were sung in Paradise.

XIII.

One long, deep sigh—the spell was broke :
 O'er LILLA's sorrowing spirit stole
An influence, whose power awoke
 The loftier passions of the soul.

No vain regrets to her might be—
The Past lived but in memory.
All youthful hopes and joys were fled
Or buried with the silent dead.
The Past had been for her alone ;
For it the Future should atone.
It did atone—from isle to isle
That self-devoted maiden passed ;
A holy light her chastened smile
Around the couch of suffering cast ;
Her low, sweet voice fell soft and clear
In music on the mourner's ear ;
Her hand all gentle smoothly spread
The pillow of the dying bed ;
And oft she stood in pity by,
As breathed the soul its latest sigh.

XIV.

And LILLA thus all weariless
Wrought out her work of holy love—
While stricken ones prayed heaven to bless
Her life with mercies from above—
Until upon her radiant face
That chastened smile had given place
To deeper lines of thought and care,
So strange in one so young and fair.
—E'en as some fount, whose crystal tide
Is by pellucid springs supplied,

In beauty sleeps, with emerald bound,
With fragrant roses bending round :
Until before the storm's wild play
The slender barrier gives way ;
Then flowing through the verdant plains
No type original retains—
But beauty, form and self are lost
In the wild mazes it has crossed :
Yet as it fails new life it gives ;
In its own waste each floweret lives.

XV.

Time passed, devoid of self a trace—
And LILLA's heart grew calm again ;
And sorrow on her soul-lit face
Scarce left a sign of secret pain.
Her gentle heart, so sorely tried,
And by its trials purified,
In trusting faith to heaven had turned,
And life's important lesson learned :
Though clouds may veil morn's sunny sky,
Doubt never that the lifted eye
Shall view them fall in gentle showers,
And thus in blessings pass away ;
Waking to life the fragrant flowers,
And leaving brighter, purer day.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

THE east is flushed with colors bright,
The signal-lights of coming Day,
At whose approach enshrouding Night
With noiseless footfall glides away.
The fleecy clouds, like heralds, fly
Before the monarch of the sky ;
The morning breezes, light and free,
Are dancing o'er the rippled sea ;
And Nature, robed in beauty, smiles
Upon those sea-girt, tropic isles.

II.

At this glad hour the exile's child
Hath early sought her woodland bowers,
To train the clustering tendrils wild,
And gather sweet and fragrant flowers.
Still turn her thoughts to memories
Of happy days, of sunny skies,
When life with ONE was glad and bright,
Without, a dark and cheerless night.

She paused at length—her taper hand
Encircling, like an ivory band,
Clasped gathered flowers, whose roseate hues
Were glistening with the early dews.
How beautiful she seemed—arrayed

In spotless white, her form of grace
Appeared in beauty ; lightly played

Upon her sweet, expressive face
A trace of bloom ; her full, dark eyes
Were lifted to the brightening skies ;
Wreathing her lips a gentle smile
Was lingering, such as might beguile
A being of the upper air

For one so beautiful and fair.

—But soon the sound of footsteps near
Was borne unto her listening ear ;
She turned, and to her glad surprise,

Just issuing from the pillared wood
An apparition met her eyes—

WALTER DE VERE before her stood !
She paused an instant—then the cry

Of “WALTER !” her sweet lips expressed ;
“LILLA !” he uttered in reply,

And clasped her to his manly breast.

III.

Joy—for the long, dark night is o'er,
Its drear and lonely vigil done ;

Joy—for the mists shall shroud no more
The glory of the day begun.
Joy, in the heart's own faithfulness,
That trusted on, that trusted ever ;
Joy, in that love whose power to bless
Misfortune dark could weaken never.
Joy, for the woes and sorrows past
Have brought a glad reward at last ;
Joy in the Future's promise-tone
Of rapturous pleasure, all its own.

IV.

WALTER and LILLA meet again,
As meek-eyed Twilight silent steals
In dusky shadows o'er the main—
Yet isle and sea but half conceals.
The fair-browed moon, enrobed in white,
With queenly grace moves up the skies ;
And 'neath her beams of silver light
That isle in softened beauty lies.
And WALTER brief recital gave,
That, wrecked upon the stormy wave,
At the last hour he safety found
Upon a stately vessel, bound
With spreading sails, to Europe's shores,
And bearing varied tropic stores.
That he had sought his native land
Awed by no cruel king's command :

From every forest, vale and glen
That girt his ancient castle round,
He gathered firm and faithful men,
By ties of strong allegiance bound—
Then told them of those islands fair
In the far regions of the West—
Oppressed by no fierce monarch, there
In peace might they securely rest.
With skill were preparations made,
Their consummation long delayed
By watchful, eager spies—at last
The exile-fleet moved down the tide,
Their pennons to the breezes cast,
And swept the wave with stately pride.
Fair gales and cloudless skies had blessed
Their passage to the distant West,
Till here their snowy sails were furled
Where stretched the mighty western world.
And pilgrim-nobles, too, had come
To share with them their island-home ;
And while they this retreat had sought
The noblest tributes had they brought,
Alike of heart and soul and mind,
By pure and lofty truth refined.
WALTER DE VERE as chief they chose
To rule the Islands of the Sea ;
To watch above their still repose,
And guard the banner of the Free.

And now, his devious wanderings o'er,
He sought again that coral shore,
While a calm joy his soul possessed,
By love and hope supremely blessed.

V.

And who might tell that love ?—matured
Through weary years of toil and pain,
That still through darkest gloom endured,
Still hoping, though all hope seemed vain.
That love, whose very tenderness
Had in itself a power to bless—
A chastened passion, sorely tried,
And by its trials purified—
Forgiving, selfless, glad alone
To suffer for the cherished one ;
A lofty sentiment, above
The dreamings, e'en, of youthful love.

VI.

Oh, marvel of the human heart !
What is that all controlling power,
Which, once enthroned, will ne'er depart
Till fails the pulse at life's last hour ?—
That singles from mankind, alone,
Its own beloved and cherished one ;
That round its holy idol flings
The presence of all glorious things,

Winning from earth and air and sky
Beauties of matchless harmony—
And kneels before its sacred shrine
In daring worship, oft divine.

VII.

The moon has reached her zenith-height
Ere WALTER, lingering to remain,
Now bids at last a sweet "Good night!"
And seeks his ocean-barque again.
From forth the circling bay it glides,
And o'er the billows lightly rides;
Until from LILLA's eager sight
It passes, in the mingled light
And shade of that fair tropic night.

VIII.

Won by the beauties of the hour,
Of earth and air and sky above—
She lingers in her rosy bower,
Where first was pledged their mutual love.
A quiet joy her soul possesses,
And with its genial presence blesses
The gentle, pleasing thoughts that rise
With all their varied memories.
—But now celestial melody
Is swelling through the upper sky;

That choir of Angel-ones descending,
Their voices sweet with harpings blending,
Pour the rich, choral notes along,
And swell the tide of glorious song :

“SWEET maiden, in thy sunny youth, when life was bright
and fair,
We sought for thee, with benisons, thy heavenly Father’s
care ;
And when thy days of loneliness and desolation came,
We prayed thee trust, with childlike faith, his great and
holy name.

“Thy heavenly Father heard thy prayer, and in thy deep
distress
Hath crowned thy days with joy and peace, thy life with
blessedness :
Then glory to His holy name, all other names above—
A Father merciful and kind, a God of truth and love.

“Fair maiden, visible to thee may we appear no more—
Our mission hath been all fulfilled, our embassy is o'er :
Still hath a kind and gracious boon alike to both been
given—
A mortal hath held converse sweet with habitants of
heaven.

“Still round thy quiet daily path shall we unseen attend ;
Still in the music-tones of earth our gentle harpings blend ;
In all the varied scenes of life still guard thy being well,
Though now our harps and voices breathe—‘ Farewell,
to thee, FAREWELL ! ’ ”

Histoeia Libertatis.

**PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1850, OF UNION COL-
LEGE, UPON FOURTH OF JULY EVE, 1848.**

HISTORIA LIBERTATIS.

I.

AMONG the tales of other days, those glorious
days of old,
When sire to son, in turn the sire, to child
and grandchild told
The storied deeds of noble souls, of heroes
great and brave,
This Legend, from forgetfulness, Tradition
deigned to save :

II.

There lived a Scotish Baron once, of strange,
peculiar mind,
Whose philosophic queries were to hidden
truths inclined ;
And he resolved that he would seek some
new and unknown power,
Whose sweet, wild melody should cheer each
sad and lonely hour.

And then some massive iron bars from cliff
to cliff he flung,
As on two neighboring cragged peaks their
sombre shapes he hung :
For thus the Baron fondly hoped, that when
the winds should play
Upon that rock-framed harp, to hear music's
sweet harmony.
—Then danced the fragrant morning-breeze
those long-drawn cords among,
Yet moved they not, though all things else
made melody and song.
Nor noon-tide air, nor breath of eve, nor
Zephyr's gentle wing,
From forth those sullen, iron bars one mur-
muring tone could bring.
But when the midnight tempest swept from
plain to mountain-height,
And forth the gloomy Storm-king rode in his
resistless might—
And when the rushing whirlwind smote that
giant harpsichord,
From forth its trembling, quivering bars,
melodious cadence poured :
Music of sweet, æolian tone rose on the air
around,
Yet sonorous and full-voiced as the Archan-
gel's trumpet-sound :

And as this night-long melody the listening
Baron hears,
Unto his ravished sense it seems “the music
of the spheres.”

III.

Of all the marked, peculiar traits that to our
land pertain,
None else than this, to thoughtful minds, is
more entirely plain—
That with the people, as a mass, no slight or
transient cause
Can move them to effect a change, or honor
changing laws.
The morning-breeze, the noon-tide air, with
lesser influence fraught,
Will play above the silent throng, and yet
disturb it not.
But when great truths are held at nought,
and principles of right
Are made, by lawless force, to yield before
superior might—
The PEOPLE wake, stand up, and forth in stir-
ring tones they speak,
And quick from off their chaffing limbs their
galling fetters break :
And then from plain and mountain-height
those tones come sweeping by,

That freemen breathe, of firm resolve, of
dauntless purpose high :
And e'en to distant lands they fly, borne on
by every breeze,
And to the coward despot seem the sound of
roaring seas.
—So when a haughty tyrant rose to oppress
our noble sires,
They kindled on each mountain-top fair Free-
dom's altar-fires ;
And they resolved, with fearless hearts, their
native land should be
Unburdened by a regal throne, unfettered,
truly free.
Then they unto a listening world, in God's
eternal name,
The startling truths of equal birth and equal
rights proclaim :
For truths like these they fought and bled,
and with their latest breath,
Pronounced the stern alternative of "Liberty
or Death!"

IV.

But while we rightly honor well those heroes
old and brave,
Who nobly fought, and bled, and died, their
own dear land to save—

We well may seek to know from whence this
principle had birth
Of equal rights, which yet shall sway all
nations of the earth.

V.

Far down the vista of the past a clear and
quenchless light
The way illumines, and dispels the gloomy
shades of night ;
And as we tread the shadowy maze, seen by
its mellow rays,
We read the crumbling records there of long
forgotten days.

VI.

Full eighteen hundred years ago a CHILD DI-
VINE had birth,
And angels sang—"Glory to God on high,
and peace on earth."
By length of days the heavenly Child in mind
and soul grew strong,
Yet princely lords and ruling men he mingled
not among :
But with the thronging multitude that gath-
ered far and near,
These wondrous truths, from lips divine, fell
on the startled ear :

For none had e'er declared before, nor till
that blessed hour,
The principle of equal rights, by God's crea-
tive power.

VII.

And now this great and heaven-born truth,
immortal and sublime,
Began its journey far adown the vale of
coming Time.
And as it passed from age to age, its legion-
ary foes
With kings and princes, tyrants all, to crush
it then uprose.
Yet it was loved and cherished still, in its
dark pilgrimage,
By all the noblest, purest souls of every
clime and age :
Among the lonely Hugenots, within their
clay-walled cells,
Upon the peaks of Switzerland, within her
secret dells—
Amid Germanic cloisters dim, on Scotia's
highlands wild,
Upon the fertile Saxon plains where Nature
ever smiled—
There dwelt this one great principle, a thing
of life and light,

And to the people whispering of equal birth
and right.

Where'er a few great minds stood out against
oppressive power,

And noble hearts resolved that they to ty-
rants ne'er would cower—

This spirit-principle appeared, to comfort and
to speak

Inspiring thoughts unto the strong, and
soothing to the weak :

Beside Erasmus' lamp—withn Galileo's dun-
geon-walls,

While Luther from his lonely cell its stirring
mandate calls :

Within the Alpine home of Tell, on England's
rocky coasts,

As Cromwell's battle-cry went up—"The
Lord, the Lord of hosts!"

Among the noble hero-souls the trembling
Mayflower bore

From their far, native, sea-girt isle to Ply-
mouth's rocky shore—

Whose mission to this western world was
hitherward to bring

"A Church without a Bishop, and a State
without a King."

Here, 'mid these long-drawn forest-aisles, be-
neath a star-gemmed dome,

The votaries of Freedom found a temple and
a home.

Here dwelt they in an unknown land, by
lordly feet untrod,

Untrammelled held their sacred rights, un-
trammelled worshipped God.

Here the great truths of equal birth, of lib-
erty and right

Were fearlessly maintained against tyrannic
power and might;

Here stood fair Freedom's champion forth to
lead her armies on,

The chiefest of her noble sons, the peerless
WASHINGTON.

VIII.

Then from this western world went forth, as
wars and tumult ceased,

This Genius of the Free, to light her altars
in the East.

“The harp that once in Tara’s halls the soul
of music shed,”

Beneath her thrilling touch aroused the
slumbering patriot-dead :

Unhappy Poland’s valiant sons her silver
tones awoke,

As they in death’s convulsive throes their
binding fetters broke.

In France, beneath her shading wings, arose
the swelling flood,
And thrones and kings were swept away in
a wild sea of blood;
And from far distant tropic climes came up
the exulting cry
Of freemen nerved with purpose strong to
conquer or to die.
Thus, thus, this one great principle, immor-
tal and sublime,
Hath gleamed like a golden thread far down
the vale of Time :
By turns obscured by clouds it seemed, by
turns divinely bright,
Through centuries of mental gloom, or intel-
lectual light.
Thus hath this Genius of the Free, of Liberty
and Truth,
Born eighteen hundred years ago, maintained
perpetual youth :
And thus she leadeth forth her hosts, her
freemen brave and true,
To overturn monarchial thrones, to conquer
and subdue :
To offer man those priceless rights which God
to him hath given,
And kindle in his slumbering soul Prome-
thean fires from heaven.

IX.

—And now, within one hundred days, o'er
Ocean's sullen wave,
Hath swept the stirring battle-cry of free-
men true and brave—*

The murmuring tones of myriad ones that
long in bondage groaned,
Who, rising with resistless might, have kingly
power disowned.

Around each trembling, tottering throne
tumultuous billows rave,
And even now one lowly rests beneath the
swelling wave :

Still rise the thronging masses, still they lift
their banners white,
Inscribing on their ample folds—“ For Free-
dom, Justice, Right.”

God grant that they with guiltless blood those
standards ne'er may stain,
Yet ever guard man's sacred rights, these
sacredly maintain :

And may He in great goodness grant that
year of Jubilee,
In which all nations of the earth shall then
be truly FREE !

* The French Revolution of February, 1848.

X.

With festal rites, with emblems meet,
 With choral melody
 And glad acclaim, our voices greet
 Our nation's Jubilee :
 Hail !—happy day, thrice happy day
 That gave an empire birth,
 Whose genial influence yet shall sway
 All nations of the earth.

XI.

Our noble sires of other days
 Withstood their haughty foe,
 And gained that meed of lofty praise
 Their sons with joy bestow :
 For then, 'mid shades of night, a star
 From clouds began to rise,
 Whose radiance, shining from afar,
 Now lights our western skies.

XII.

All hail the day, when first was spoke
 The watchword—"Liberty :"
 A spell that broke the tyrant's yoke,
 And set the captive free.
 That day, before whose light divine
 Oppression fled away—
 Whose beams of heavenly radiance shine
 To pure and perfect day.

XIII.

Then let us guard with sacred zeal
The rights our sires bestowed,
And strive that constant flame to feel
Which in their bosoms glowed.
So shall we greet, with glad acclaim,
This festive day's return—
So shall endure fair Freedom's fame—
So shall her altars burn.



Lays of Passion.



LAYS OF PASSION.

THE SHRINE.

THOUGH I have known thee many years,
 Yet I approach thee once again,
Untrammelled by those boding fears
 That told me such approach were vain.
For though I fail to win of thee
 The object of my heart's desire,
Still noble ends my aim shall be—
 Still lofty hopes my soul inspire.

I ask thy love—yet ask it not
 As one who might make no return ;
For then were mine the suppliant's lot—
 A suppliant whom thy soul should spurn.
The jewels that I offer thee
 Precious and priceless do I deem ;
Nor mayst thou take them, should they be
 Less highly held in thy esteem.

I pledge to thee an intellect,
Which, still unfashioned and unwrought,
Thy gentle genius might perfect
To range the highest heaven of thought:
A mind that surely feels within
The earnest throbings of a power,
Which yet shall give it strength to win
The triumphs of some future hour.

A faithful heart I pledge to thee,
Unchanging and entirely thine ;
Whose worship, next to God's, should be
Within the temple of thy shrine :
A heart, whose passions sorely tried
And taught in humbleness to bow,
Still phoenix-like, thus purified,
Have triumphed o'er the conqueror now.

I pledge thee these—for these alone
By time and place unchanged remain :
Give me thy love—and thou shalt own
Thou hast not given it in vain.
Give me thy love—and thou shalt know
A true heart's deep idolatry ;
Give me thy love—and I will show
That I am worthy even THEE.

THE DREAMER.

“How like thou art to one departed!”

I SEE thee in my nightly dreams,
 E'en as thou seemest now :
 Thy love-lit eye in beauty beams—
 Glad light is on thy brow.
 And then each word, or glance, or smile
 So angel-like doth seem,
 I bless those phantasies the while—
 Those visions of a dream.

But holier thoughts of thee, alone,
 Are round thy presence thrown—
 Twin-sister seemest thou of one
 Passed to the great Unknown.
 Her radiant face, her beaming eye
 And graceful form were thine ;
 And still I bow, in memory,
 Before that sacred shrine.

Oh, that I had not *only* dreamed
 Of those bright, joyous hours,
 When in her presence ever seemed
 Life's pathway strewed with flowers.

Oh, might I list once more, and bless
The music of her voice
Whose words of winning tenderness
Bade my sad heart rejoice.

Dearest, I would not breathe a thought
That e'er might give 'thee pain ;
But if my first desire prove nought,
Still may not this be vain :
May thy bright morning-sun illume
Thy path with roseate beams,
And mayst thou be, in light, in gloom,
The angel of my dreams.



THE CONFESSION.

Thou hast read the heart most rightly,
As it was in other days,
When a future light shone brightly
On its joyous, happy gaze.
Whether now, in joy or sorrow,
Soul-absorbing feelings flow,
Dark or bright may seem the morrow—
Future years the truth will show.

There are mysteries all around us,
Which we may not, cannot solve—
Sympathies that charm or wound us,
Soothing sadness, lulling love.
Sympathies the dark world never
In its coldness comprehends ;
Sympathies that bind forever
Hearts of true and trusting friends.

Why me question of a feeling
(That thou knowest, thy queries show,)
O'er my lonely musing stealing,
Full of joy or rife with woe ?

Once the happy thought impressed me
That a friend might heed my prayer;
And the gladdening wish possessed me,
She could then my feelings share.

Wouldst know more?—E'en now thou
knowest
All I could impart to thee—
In thy mirror-heart thy shovest
Counterparts of thee and me.
Of my feelings true and lasting,
In thine own heart read aright—
Of regret for follies casting
Blight on Friendship's faith and light.



THE PARTING.

—“THAT we had never met, or parted !”

I CANNOT say “Farewell,” dearest—

My lips must falter still
To breathe that word, whose utterance
My heart with grief would fill.
Of fading hopes, of by-gone joys
Its faintest murmurs tell ;
And olden memories *will* rise—
I cannot say—“Farewell !”

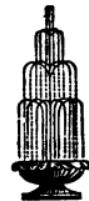
I cannot say “Farewell,” dearest—

Far in the shadowy Past,
I see in ghostly forms troop by
My first hopes and my last.
The Future hath no charms for one
Whose thoughts with anguish swell ;
I mourn the “light of other days”—
I cannot say—“Farewell !”

I cannot say “Farewell,” dearest—

Thy star hath o'er me shone,
Till, like a rapt astrologer,
I worship it alone.

Faith, Hope, and Love beneath its light
In blissful union dwell ;
Its absence spreads a midnight gloom—
I cannot say—“ Farewell !”



THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

UPON a pleasant summer's eve, as to his bed
of rest
The sun with golden banners passed the
portals of the West—
And woodland-hill, and forest-dale, and plain
and mountain-height
Were robed, as only Nature robes, in glowing
colors bright—
'Twas then before his cottage-door, within a
a lowly vale,
An old man to his grandchild told full many
a truthful tale :
But as the thoughts of other days, that long
in memory slept
Awoke to life and light again, he bowed his
head and wept.
And when he looked up again, 'twas with a
broken sigh ;
And faltering words fell from his lips, while
tears bedewed his eye :

“ I’m thinking of the times, Harry,
When, years long, long ago—
Ere youth and hope and joy had changed
For age and grief and woe—
My cheek, like yours, was fresh and fair,
My heart was light and gay ;
With bounding step, in merry glee,
I joined in childish play.

“ Oh, those were happy days, Harry,
When, in perennial bowers,
Unknowing grief or care I passed
Childhood’s bright, joyous hours.
And in the memories of the past,
E’en now before me rise
Those pleasant, boyish haunts—as fair
As the hills of Paradise.

“ And then came manly youth, Harry,
With hopes as fair and bright
As seem the stars, as one by one
They come, when comes the night.
But as I watched their gladsome light
I saw them fade away,
As fade those stars, at early dawn,
When morning brings the day.

“ And then came middle age, Harry,
With sorrows and with fears ;
A brow defying care, without—
Within, hot burning tears.

Yet still her phantoms Hope displayed
Around Life's toilsome way,
As gainless as the rainbow-hues
That on the storm-cloud play.

“ And now hath come old age, Harry,
With trembling footsteps slow,
And palsied hands, and frame bowed down,
And locks of drifted snow :
And Time, upon this throbbing brow
That once was fair as thine,
Of sorrow and corroding care,
Hath written many a line.

“ Yet Life hath some true hopes, Harry,
That never, never fade ;
But gleam like golden stars, 'mid scenes
Of changing light and shade.
These, if thou act thy part aright,
Upon this world-wide stage,
Shall be as beacon-lights to thee
In this dark pilgrimage.

“ Then bear a firm, true heart, Harry,
With moral armor bright,
And let your watchword ever be—
‘ May God defend the right !’
And when at last thou shalt depart
From scenes of action here,
’Twill be ‘ as stars in heaven go out—
To light another sphere.’ ”



THE URN.

FAREWELL—farewell—to thy spirit, long cherished

As noble and upright, as honored and brave;

Farewell to the hopes that have withered and perished,

With the dust that lies low in the cold, silent grave.

Oh, bright as the radiant son of the morning
Thy star mounted up from the horizon's gloom;

But while with its splendor the zenith adorning,

Its light hath gone out in the night of the tomb.

That light, which had shone with brightness increasing,

A guide to the devious ways of our youth;

A day-star, whose lustre and brilliance unceasing
Illumined the pathway of honor and truth.

Yet like to that star, thy spirit shall never
Be paled by earth vapors, though hid from
us here ;
In splendor unveiled it will shine on forever,
With glory undimmed, in a happier sphere.

Farewell—farewell—be it ours to cherish
Thy spotless example, as Life's pathway
we tread ;
To think on thy spirit immortal, though
perish
Thy mouldering dust in the home of the
dead :

To reflect that it dwelleth in mansions eternal,
Undimmed by the gathering shades of the
tomb ;
Where joys are unending, and flowers bright
and vernal
By the river of Life, in Paradise bloom.



WELCOME ODE

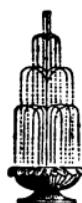
OF THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY OF UNION COLLEGE, AT ITS
SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, JULY 25, 1848.

With grateful hearts, with cheerful song,
We greet this festal day;
And pour the swelling notes along,
And chant our joyous lay.
Hail!—Brothers—hail!—to you we tend
Our welcome warm and true;
With you our present hopes we blend,
Our former joys renew.

From north and south, from east and west,
Together here we meet,
To spend these hours, so richly blest,
While cherished friends we greet.
We here the cares of life forget—
Its pleasures call to mind,
And e'en in thoughts of fond regret
A lingering solace find.

We gather here to quaff once more
The waters, pure and bright,
That from ADELPHIC fountains pour
Their streams of life and light.
And though for half an hundred years
Its crystal tide hath flowed,
Still Memory the fount endears
By blessings once bestowed.

Then welcome, Brothers, once again,
To this our Jubilee,
By hearts devoid of care and pain,
And happy, light and free.
Hail!—Brothers, wandering stars from one
Chief constellation bright—
The fairest gem that ever shone
Upon “the brow of night.”



HOPE ON.

Hope on, hope on, hope ever—
In every change of life ;
Hope on, and yield thee never
To storms of earthly strife.
Hope on, though faintly beameth
The light of that far ray,
Whose fading brightness seemeth
In night to pass away.

Hope on, hope on, hope ever—
In sorrow, pain and woe ;
Though every tie should sever
That binds thee here below.
Hope on with faith unceasing,
Where'er thy lot be cast ;
Thy future joys increasing
From memories of the past.

Hope on, hope on, hope ever—
No dark and cheerless night
Is cheered and lighted never
With rays of heaven-born light.

No joy comes unattended
By shadows of regret ;
No grief is grief unblended—
We mourn but to forget.

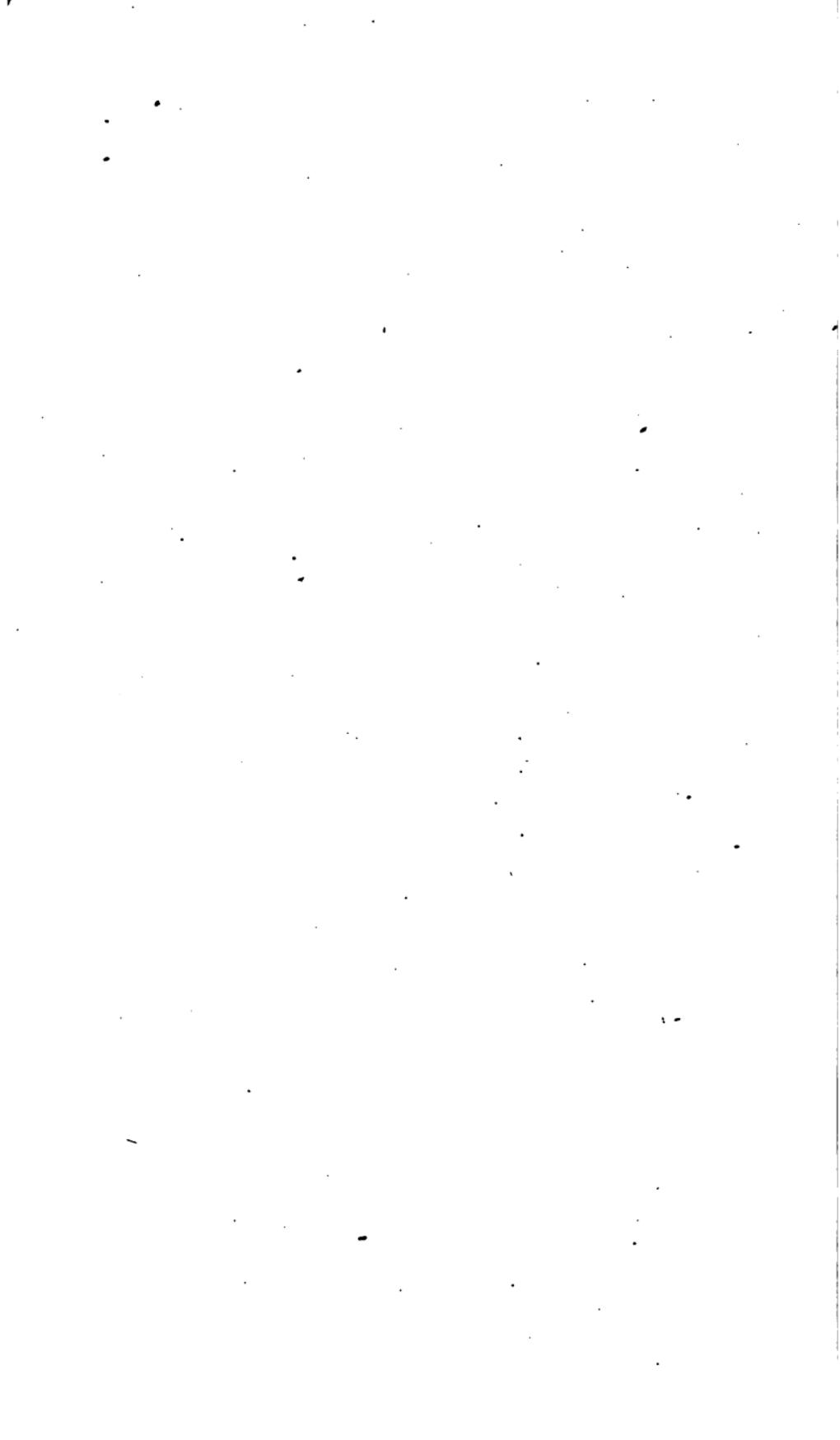
Then hope—hope on, hope ever—
Lift up thy downcast eye,
And gladly trust forever
A Providence on high.
Then, calmly shall thy spirit
The ills of life sustain ;
And conquering death, inherit
Her native skies again.

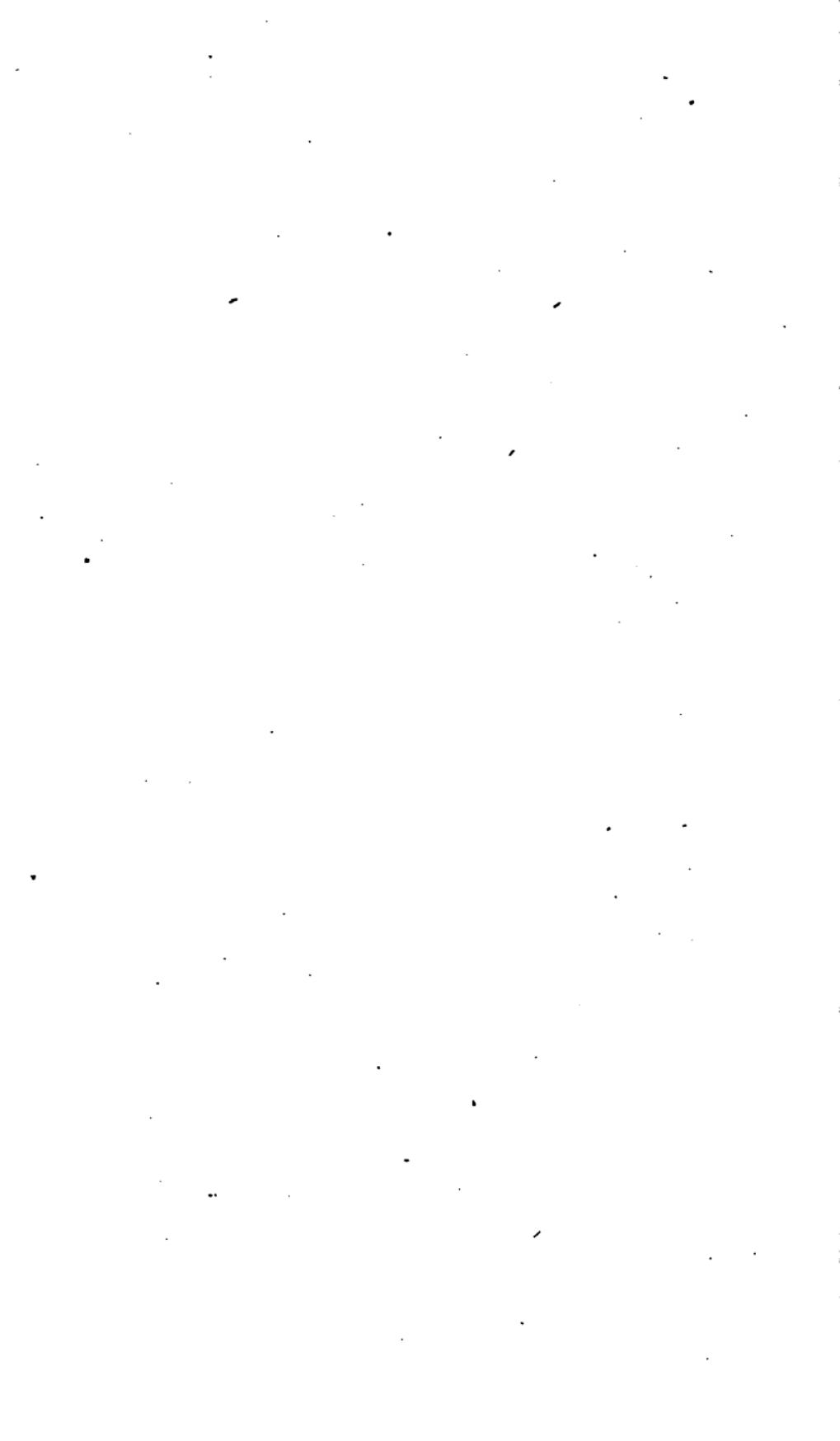












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